ELLS HOW SHE WILL SING HER GREAT ROLE OF "MARGUERITE."

N THE Uffizi gallery stands a statue of Hebe, the goddess of youth and eternal Spring. No man who has seen this wonderful carving can ever forget it. Each line, each curve seems to glow with vitality and joyful spirits. The proportions of the figure are faultiess. In the polse of the head there is an archness that is irresistably capitating. In the chiselling of the lips there is a wealth of affection and passion. The arm is outstretched, the hand beckons, the shoulders, whose softness not even the marble can hide, allure and tantalize.

Close your eyes and picture this statue clad in an amazing house gown, whose artistic instinct rebelled against the thought of concealing the beautiful curves of neck and shoulder. Color the hair a dark brown, soft and wavy and lustrous. Now like Pygmalion, endow the creature with life, and, lo!

"Yes, Mme. Calve will be pleased to see you."

And with a rustle of silks the radiant Carmen stands before the humble interviewer, her dark eyes shining and an expanse of dazzling white skin gleaming and

heaving—the Hebe of the Uffilizi come to life. "Et volla," she exclaims, "what can ! do for you?" "Madame might say something," brilliantly suggests the interviewer, struggling meanwhile to gather his wandering senses. Madame laughs—her laugh is like the tinking of chimes—and says archly:

"That is very good. You wish me to do both the questioning and the answering. Very well, only tell me when you want me to stop."

Madame sinks into a chair, places her hands upon her bosom and, with twinkling

"Mme. Calve, how do you feel? I feel pretty well, thank you. Mme. Calve, will you sing any new roles this season? Yes, several. I am busy preparing for 'Faust.'

But she could restrain herself no longer, and burst into merry laughter that

filled all the room with melody. Now, I have given you a start," she said. "How is it that Madame does not speak Ecglish?" The conversation had been

"Oh, I'm terribly lazy, you know." She smiled very sweetly. "I'm the laziest woman that ever lived. I learned Latin at school and afterward Italian, but I never carried on in French. had a chance to study English until now. And now, as I said, I am too lazy to do

anything of the kind." There came an interruption in the form of two visitors. They were handsome women, fashionably dressed, of middle age and of Parisian vivacity. They stood in the doorway, pointing to Calve, their faces glowing with pleasure.

"Look at her!" one of them exclaimed. "Not a day older, is she?" cried the other,



"I'm the Laziest Woman That Ever Lived. I Think It Is Rather Nice to Be Lazy."

"Oh, my dear girls," exclaimed Calve. "My dear, dear friends! I'm so glad to see you again. They kissed her upon the cheeks and the lips, and the younger of the women added

a kiss upon Madame's beautiful neck—which left a tiny red spot. Then, being French and being women, they all began to that at the same time. One of the women espled the interviewer, and, without a moment's warning, confronted him, "Isn't she beautiful?"

Then Caive kissed them again and they kissed her and took their departure, say-

ing they would come the next day, "Now," she continued, smoothing her gown, "where did I leave off? Oh, yes, I was telling you that I am lazy. I think it's rather nice to be lazy, don't you? I wouldn't care to be bustling about all the time."

"What does Madame do most of the day?" "Mostly nothing. I dawdle a great deaf. The only real work I do is to practise and rehearse. I'm busy now with "Faust" and "l'Africaine." I have often sung Marguerite before, but this will be my first appearance in "l'Africaine." "The New York public has grown accustomed to Melba's Margnerite, but has never

Madam's pretty brow wrinkled into a slight frewn, "I have never seen Melba's Marguerite, and, therefore, I do not know whether mine

will differ from hers or not." "Then there will be no rivalry?"

CAN STAND ON HIS FINGER TIPS SEVEN DAYS, that beautiful operator for one singer! It is the gem of France, and I-I am French!"

London is interested in a Hindon Vogi. possible without smashing the ligaments." shrug that explained or religious devotee, who lives without ligaments for the sake of his religion. In round and grinned at the skeleton, folded clearness. consequence he is able to turn bis limbs in his legs round his ribs, and nodded at it "Madam Melba is

make the devotee a remarkable contortion-

The anatomist who lectured on Bava Luchniandass" said to the students: "This man has forty-eight positions which are remarkably abnormal. They are produced, so far as I can understand, by temporary dislocations of his joints. But I should like to say that they are religious exercises, all of them. In fact, he is a Brahmin of exceedingly high casts and hese movements are his way of taking, If I may say so, a short cut to paradise."
At this point the Yogl suddenly sat down on his haunches, put his hands to-

gether backward in an attitude of devotion and turned his feet into his abdomen. "You will observe," said the auatomist, that the tibia rises at least on inch above

the condyles of the humerus."

The class made a note of it, and the Yogi, pleased with this mark of attention, wreathed both his legs about his neck and surveyed the class standing upon the

"You see, gentlemen," observed the auatomist with enthusiasm, "he has practically no ligaments."

The Yogi thoughtfully removed one hand from the table and hopped gravely round on the other

"But," contlaned the demonstrator, "you see It does not in the least interfere with the action of his muscles. Now you will see him bring about a wonderful disloca-tion of his elbow joint."

The Yogi twisted both his arms behind him, put his forearms into the hollow be tween his shoulder bindes and wrapped his legs round his ribs.

"I have tried," said the lecturer pathetleally, "to reproduce some of these distor-tions with the aid of a skeleton"—he turned to a skeleton which was graining behind the Yogi-"but I have found it im-



Madam's brilliant eyes expressed half a tions in as many sec-

no! Melba is a great artist. I admire her very much. She has often sung Carmen; why should I not sing

There was a dalpty

the matter conclusively-"and, therefore, she can have no more right to sing Marguerite than L."

"But I do not wish to convey the impres-She is a Melba: brilliant woman. The reason that I have never heard her in 'Fnust' is that I rarely go to the opera

When I work, I work very hard, and it is a great strain upon me."

"And how does Madame occupy her spare time" "Spare time? Ma fol! I haven't any! Spare time? Oh, dear! To think of my having spare time!"

"Then Madame is a hustler, comme on dit en Angials?"

"Hustler? Qu'est-ce que c'est hustler? Ah, ou

And Madame laughed merrily in appreciation of New York stang.
"Yes, I am a hustler. Of course, I drive a great deal, and I go shopping, and I read and I write a great deal, and I cutertain a great many friends, and—let me see-what else do I do? Oh, yes. I go to concerts and I let myself be bored, but as a

Madame reflected for a moment and then:

'After all, perhaps I enjoy life a little more than I thought I did."

Then she smiled. Madame's smile is a joy in itself. It illumines all her coun tenance, sparkles in her eyes, dimples her checks-even her finger tips seem to smile when Madame smiles.
"And what does Madame rend?"

Calve's brow wrinkled in mock seriousness. "Mostly scientific works," she said demurely. "Isn't it strange? I have a weakeness for dry books. The book that gives me the greatest pleasure is the one that it takes the greatest frouble to understand. I am greatly interested in the marvols of science, in inventions and discoveries, and I love to read about them."

Nothing lighter? "I do not care much for fiction. It is too light"-and when Madause says light, lo! it is light-"and it does not improve the mind. It is a waste of time. The lightest thing that I have read this year has been Goethe's 'Faust.' "

(Shades of Aristophanes!)

'And Madame considers 'Paust' light?" offy no means. It is a work of exquisite art, Yet I would not have read it and studed it as carefully as I did had it not a direct bearing upon my profession. If I am to size in Faust' I want to know 'Faust.' Is that not natural?"

And did Mad me gain impressions?" Indeed I did! Each time I read that wonderful story I learn something new. This one little thing that I have discovered may interest you. The tragedy of "Faust is supposed to have taken place in the Middle Ages, and it is the duty of an actorto present every detail of the life and manners of the time as accurately as possible.

Now, in the Middle Ages it was a law that only queens and empresses were allowed. to wear white-pure white. That olor was, in if measure, the badge of their royal-ty. A peasant woman was not allowed to wear it. Why, therefore, should Marguerite, who was, after all, only a pensant woman, wear white upon the stage? Is it

There was no denying it.



"Faust is the gem of France, and I-I am French, Madame Melba is an Australian."

"If she wears white it is not true to history. It is not in accord with the customs of the times. It is wrong. N'est-ce pas?"

"Therefore, you see, I could never think of appearing as Marguerite clad in

"What color does Madama choose?"

"That is unimportant. As long as it is not white it does not matter very much. Gray, brown, black-almost any subdued color will do. The important thing then becomes the design of the costume. I have tried as far as possible to follow Tissand's famous painting of Marguerile, with slight alterations suggested by other things that I have come across in the study of mediaeval history. "Madame is quite erudite!"

You should have heard Calve laugh! She placed her snow-white hands upon her whiter bosom, and, leaning back in her chair, burst into merrimen

"Monsieur flatters me. Indeed, Monsieur honors me greatly! But I am nor a bit erudite. In fact, I am ignorant. Very, very ignorant. Monsieur never saw such an

Ignorant! Old! Monsieur felt chills creeping down his spine, and Monsieur shire

thing but admiration and respect and at-fection for Macame A CIRCUS RING STORY TOLD BY THE CLOWN.

consequence he is able to turn his limbs in any direction and to perform other apparently impossible physical feats. He declares his ability to stand on his the currently impossible physical feats. He declares his ability to stand on his finger tips for seven days.

The Yogi has been examined by a distinguished professor of automy, who lee tured upon him before the students of St. George's Hespital in London. They were satisfied that he was the most currently impossible physical feats. He declirate added, with a smill, it was an appreciative audience, the studence, the studence of the singuished professor of automy, who lee tured upon him before the students of St. George's Hespital in London. They were satisfied that he was the most currently impossible physical feats. He declirate added, with a smill one of the singuished positively no ligaments and the lecturer murmured again added, with a smille, that the Yogi had positively no ligaments and the lecturer murmured again added, with a smill one clark in any addience exposed in a form of delight. Madame smiled ensured the suddence extendingly.

The Yogi has been examined by a distinguished professor of automy, who lee tured upon him before the students of St. George's Hespital in London. They were satisfied that he was the most currently impossible physical feats. He declight.

Madame smiled ensured two lightent audience expelled in a fonce in the side that it made it has delight.

Madame smiled ensured the studence, the side of the side of the side of the smile of the side of

"I had a new joke last season," said the audience saying: when I am not singing. My health will
not permit it."

"Is Madame in delicause the very evening I spring it first we
"Is Madame smiled enchantingly.

"Last Summer I was clowning it through
"Last Summer I was clowning it through
"Last Summer I was converse with a small one imported that the superchantingly.

"I had a new joke last season." said the
audience saying: "That's n good one."

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can't had a new joke last season." Said the
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the audience explode in a roar of delightit was an appreciative audience, saying: "That's n good one."

were satisfied that he was the most curiously constructed man that they had ever
seen.

His name is Bava Lachmandass. A Yogi
is a Brahmin, of very high caste, who goes
through certain religious exercises with 0
view to qualifying himself for paradise.

The see exercises are partly of a physical
character.

In some cases they result in a complete
constituent of the femoral artery, he walked on his
kases with his lower leg tucked mysteriner ligaments;" "says he can keep it up
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in man forty-five years of age."

The Yogi smiled and bowed, and began
in man forty-five years of age."

The Yogi smiled and bowed, and began
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The Yogi smiled and bowed, and began
her the figure with his heel, he went
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The Yogi smiled and bowed, and began
her the follow exercises with 0
hours on the man to approach

"The visitor rather puzzled us by taking a wide sweep of the donkey. Apparently, he was making for the ringmaster rather than the moke. But the ringmaster turned the dankey round and kept him between himself and the would-be rider. The man made several attempts to get closer, but the donkey always interposed. At last he made a quick run, but the donkey was too quick for him. He lashed our violently with his hind legs, and caught the visitor right in the pit of the stomach. Down

went the man like a log of wood. "The audience laughed and applauded, but we could see that the job was nothing to smile at. So myself and two others took the man up and carried him outside, the ringmaster following. The band struck up a tune for the great troupe of acrobats to appear. When we had put the man down on a chair, we asked him how he felt. He looked pretty had and upset from the kick. yet none of us were prepared for the flolse. he made and his cries that he was done for. I want to be sent home, he said. 'Where do you live?' asked the ringmaster. 'Take the blue paper out of my inside pocket and you will see,' says the injured party. With that the ringmoster dives his hand into the coat and pulls out a blue paper which he begins to unfold. 'Are you stre you've got it?' says the man. 'Certain, says the ringmaster. 'Why, can't you see I have?' says the ringmaster, casting his eye over it. 'That's all right,' replies the man, quite cheerful; T've been dodging you all over the country to serve it. 'What is it?' says the ringmaster, looking at the victim. 'Why a warrant for your arrest for deserting your wife, says the man, jumping up and catching held of the ringuester. 'Wish the donkey has killed you, muttered the ringmaster. That's all."



THE LIMBER HINDOO YOGI, WHO GAN TURN HIS LIMBS IN ANY DIRECTION.